

UNDER FIRE.

The woman behind the preserving pot is surely deserving of fame. She is not like the man behind the gun. But she is "getting there," just the same. The hero is trying to maim or kill. And great is his show of nerve; But praise should go, too, to the woman who is using her skill to preserve.

Uo time is she wasting in drill or march, Which fits the brave soldier for strife. But she gathers around her what'er she'll attack. And then gets to work with her knife. She pares and she cores, and she slices with care. 'Til fingers and muscles are sore; Then, hither and thither in other tasks, She skirmishes over the floor.

She gallantly stands at the firing line, Unmindful of heat and toil; All flushed in her face and her fine eyes strained. By watching the things that must boil. She spices and sweetens and stirs and skims, 'Til weary from head to her feet; But bravely she stands till her work is done. With never a thought of retreat.

She carefully gathers the harvest of sweets Her deft hands have patiently made; The marmalades, pickles, and jellies, preserves. In jars, glasses, crocks are displayed. She works not for plaudits, or Caplets, or praise. Yet, while she no laurels may claim, The woman behind the preserving pot Is surely deserving of fame.

—The Commoner.

TIM PRICE'S WELL.

By Charles McIlvaine.

FOR twenty-three years of his married life Tim Price had lived on the bank of Elk River. A steep path led from his doorstep to the water, sixty feet below.

Up this path his wife and daughters had carried all the water needed in these years, save when charitable clouds poured their contents upon the clappards of his cabin roof and bark gutters carried the cave-drippings to hurriedly placed wash tubs.

Twenty-three years of toil for his women, and Tim Price had not dug a well!

"Tim," I asked one day, when a fair daughter, supple, rosy, breathing hard, brought two buckets of water from the river, "why don't you dig a well?" "I've been thinkin' about it, Colonel. I'm goin' to some day, when the boys are home to help," answered Tim, in a drawing tone.

"Thinking about it!" exclaimed his sharp-featured, care-worn wife, ending a baby by the open fireside. "Thinking about it! That's what you've been doing ever since we were married."

"Now, don't git a mad on, Jinny. I'm goin' to dig one some time."

Mrs. Price gave the burning logs a shove with her foot. "Give me a dipperful, Sadie," she said. "My throat is as dry as a seed gourd."

A week later I asked, "Why don't you dig a well, Tim?"

Tim moved restlessly in his chair. No flush could make his red face redder. It was difficult to tell where Tim's face left off and his red hair and whiskers began. "I've been thinkin' about it. I'm goin' to when the boys are at home to help." There was a tinge of asperity in his tone.

"Did you ever hear the fable of 'The Lark and the Reapers?'"

"No," he replied, gruffly.

"Well, I will repeat it to you: Once a lark had a nest of young in a grain-field. While she was seeking food for them the farmer leaned over the fence and said, 'This grain is ripe. I must call my neighbors to help me cut it.' The young larks were terribly frightened. 'Never mind,' she said, soothingly. 'Nothing will happen.'"

"The next day the farmer came with his son, and said, 'My son, the grain is ripe. We must call our neighbors to help us cut it.'"

"Again the young ones, frightened, told their mother. 'Be content, children,' she said. 'You will not be disturbed.'"

"On the third day the farmer exclaimed, as he looked at his grain, 'My son, the grain is dead ripe. Our neighbors are busy with their own crops. We must get to work at once, and reap it ourselves.'"

"Now," said the mother, "our time has come. There is danger. We must fly at once!"

Tim saw the moral and squirmed. "Those tales of yours are like my wife's teeth; they ain't real," was all the remark he made.

Days afterward, under the provocation of water buckets, I asked, "Tim, did you ever hear the fable of 'The Lark and the Reapers?'"

"Tim remained silent, but looked toward his rifle, then significantly at me. Whenever I had opportunity, I made Tim's life miserable by oft-repeated query, 'Tim, did you ever hear the fable of 'The Lark and the Reapers?'" I received answers in all sorts and degrees of anger.

Tim avoided me. I discovered that he ordered the water to be carried at night, and round the cabin, instead of through it to the kitchen. He growled at his daughters if they came into our presence with mud on their shoes or breathing faster than usual. If I caught him he headed me off quickly with some carefully studied comment:

cuttin'. I reckon the lark knowed, too," or, "It was a fool of a lark that made her nest in cuttin' grain. She might have knowed they'd diskliver it." But his main hold was in, "Larks don't talk, anytime, anyway, no time, never." Not an allusion did he ever make to the moral; but he winced under it, and looked upon me as a restless, persistent enemy.

A spring Sunday came. The birch buds were bursting and touting the harsh gray of the branches with mellow green. Bass were leaping in the eddy and red-horse were threshing the shoal with their tails, as they struggled against its swiftess. Sadie was dipping her buckets in the river. Tim Price and his family sat on the bank, heads one way, like swallows on a rock.

"Tim," I said, "look at Sadie. Did you ever hear the fable of 'The Lark and the Reapers?'"

Tim leaped to his feet. He shook with rage. He looked murderous. He stooped and picked up a stone. His wife grasped him by his throwing arm. He jerked away from her.

"Colonel," he fumed, "if you ever ax me that question again I'll rock you—rock you out of the country, or I'll shoot you! Blast your lark and reapers—grain, neighbors and grumbelin' old farmer! He ought to have cut the grain his own self, when it was ripe, an' not waited for help."

"That's so, Tim," said his wife, quietly laying her hand on his arm. "That's what the Colonel means, telling his old story—you ought to dig the well your own self, and you'll stop thinkin' about it and get it done. The help can come afterwards."

Tim looked at her, then at Sadie, carrying her two heavy buckets up the bank. He looked at me. A flush of shame overspread his face. He took his wife by the arm and turned her toward the cabin. "Come on, Jinny," he said, resolutely. "Show me where you want the well, an' I'll start digging it to-morrow."

And he did. With pick and shovel; with the boys, girls, and Jinny herself winding the windlass, hauling up dirt, sand, gravel, from sunrise to sunset, he struck water and had the well walled by Saturday night. "We'll let her stand for the water to settle over Sunday," he said.

The next morning, before breakfast, he laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Come, Colonel. You shall haul the first bucket of water."

We all went to the windlass, and I wound up as pure a pail of water as ever was filtered through mountain sands. Rosy, laughing mouths tasted it, and happy ohs and ahs pronounced acceptable verdict.

Tim turned a glowing face to me, perhaps made redder by the sun's first peep over the mountain top. "Thar, Colonel," he exclaimed, joyously, "the well I've been thinkin' about these twenty years is done dugged! If you ever say lark and reapers to me again I'll rock you out of the country, or I'll shoot you. I might be obliged to you, though. I'll h'ist another bucketful an' carry it into the house."—Youth's Companion.

Newspapers and "Style."

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, seems not to feel quite as Mr. James does about our newspapers. Talking lately to a representative of the New York Herald about the deficiencies of college undergraduates in writing English, he praised the English of the newspapers as remarkably good. He found it generally terse and clear and to the point, and was surprised that so many reporters, writing so hurriedly, wrote so well. It is odd that there should be this disparity of impression between Dr. Wilson and Mr. James. It must be that they have not read the same papers, or that Dr. Wilson has been reading the editorials and stock market pieces, and Mr. James the baseball and race-track items. Or perhaps they have different notions about what writing should be. Dr. Wilson says: "Style in writing is something I do not believe in. It sets a limit to expression and sets a wet blanket on thought." Mr. James has style, but his power of expression is limitless. Peter Dooley Dunne has style; so has George Ade, so had the judicious Hooker, so had Newman, so had Izak Walton, and Lamb and others. But they expressed themselves and unblinded plenty of thought. When any competent hand like Dr. Wilson says he doesn't believe in style in writing it means that he doesn't believe in bad style. "Style" conveys to some minds only the impression of stilt, artificiality, rigidity and hobbles. The way a writer writes is his style. If he writes much, he is as sure to have a style of his own as he is to have a voice of his own. He can't help it.—Harper's Weekly.

Motor Car Sneak Thieves.

The increasing number of robberies of motor cars is a matter which demands the attention of every manufacturer to provide a remedy. An ordinary sneak thief who would steal a horse and buggy could not even be suspected of stealing a motor car for the simple reason that he wouldn't know how. The motor car thief is usually a worthless chauffeur or discharged mechanic who has picked up his knowledge of handling a car while honestly employed. He may never have driven a car of the same make as the one he steals, but he can learn very quickly, even while he is running away with it. To put it out of the power of such rascals to steal a car should only require a simple locking

HEROES OF THE SEAS

Gave Up Their Lives That Others Might Live.

Brave Captain McDonald Is Lost.

Thrilling Adventure of the Crew and Passengers of the Steamer Sevona, Which Was Wrecked on Sand Island—The Captain and Six Members of the Crew Volunteered to Remain With Steamer.

Ashland, Wis. (Special).—More than a score of lives were lost and property valued at half a million dollars was destroyed in a furious storm that swept over Lake Superior from Friday night to Sunday night, according to reports. The gale was the most destructive to lake shipping that has been experienced in many years.

Besides the wreck of the steel steamer Sevona, which broke in two on Sand Island reef, seven of the crew, including the captain, losing their lives, the barge Pretoria, of Bay City, Mich., carrying a crew of ten men, sank, five sailors drowning.

The schooner Olive Jeannette, which carried a crew of seven men, is also thought to be lost. The Olive Jeannette, it is believed, went to the bottom about 10 miles from Portage Entry. This schooner was in tow of the steamer D. R. Doty when the latter vessel was lost, with her entire crew, on Lake Michigan, a few years ago.

The storm of the last three days at times reached the proportions of a hurricane, and the staunchest new steel vessels were forced to run for shelter. The new steel steamer Stackhouse arrived at the Soo on her first trip with her hatch covers so badly sprung that water poured continually into the hold. One of the crew was washed overboard. The whale-back steamer Samuel Mather also lost one of its crew overboard. The battering sustained by steel steamers gives rise to the gravest fears for the safety of many wooden ships which have not yet reported. The monetary loss of the Sevona is \$750,000, while that of the Pretoria is \$150,000.

FIFTY KILLED IN RIOTING.

Situation at Baku, Caucasus, Is Extremely Grave.

St. Petersburg, (Special).—Dispatches received by the Ministry of the Interior estimate that 50 persons were killed during the fighting at Baku, Caucasus, last Saturday, with a relatively large number of wounded, the majority of whom are Tartars.

No official accounts of Sunday's casualties nor the events of Monday have been received up to 6 P. M., but private dispatches report that corpses are lying about the streets and that incendiary fires have already destroyed 151 buildings and are still spreading.

Both factions, after the former disorders, supplied themselves fully with arms, and they are now almost as well equipped for street fighting as the troops. The situation not only at Baku, but also throughout the Caucasus, has been exceedingly tense for weeks.

The disorders at Shusha had just ceased when the street-car strike at Baku furnished the occasion for another outbreak.

A private dispatch from Baku reports sanguinary encounters between troops and the Armenian employees of the street railroads whose positions had been taken by soldiers. The disorders commenced at about 5 P. M. Saturday, the Armenians firing first on the soldiers on board the cars. Eight Mussulmans, three Armenians and one Russian were killed. The encounters continued until 1 A. M. Sunday.

Advices from Baku say that the firing was resumed Sunday, the Tartars attacking the troops with greater desperation. Thus far the killed or wounded, according to these advices, exceeded too Prince Nisheradze was wounded.

DIAMONDS FOUND IN MAINE.

More Gems Supposed to Be Hidden in Beds of Blue Clay.

Rumford Falls, Me. (Special).—The finding of diamonds at Fryeburg, in Oxford County, has given rise to the belief that diamonds may possibly be hidden in the many clay beds of the county. Search will be made for them by owners of the beds.

The diamonds found at Fryeburg were in and near Jockey Cap, in the Saco Valley. The alluvial soil holds many beds of the blue clay of the character to suggest diamonds.

In the mines at North Rumford a few days ago a 130-carat tourmaline was found, and recently Lorin Merrill, in South Paris, found a gem worth \$1000.

Water Snake In His Mouth.

Kansas City, Mo. (Special).—David Dregocitch sank suddenly from sight and was drowned while swimming in the Kaw river. When his body was recovered a watersnake, eight inches long, was found in his mouth. It is thought that the snake got in the man's mouth while he was swimming and caused him to strangle and drown. Dregocitch was 38 years old and a good swimmer.

A Prince Murdered.

Tiflis, Caucasia, (By Cable).—It is reported that the town of Shusha is in flames. The people have fled to the mountains. Troops are being sent to the scene. At Manchuria, in the Dushet district, the property of Prince Manchrandski has been destroyed by dynamite. Prince Eristoff has been murdered near Gori.

Died Fighting Fire.

Turner, Maine, (Special).—While attempting to save his woolen blanket from destruction by fire Frank T. Faulkner, one of the leading citizens of Turner, was overcome by smoke and died.

BALLOONIST BLOWN TO PIECES.

Balloonist's Frightful Death High Up in the Clouds.

Greenville, O., (Special).—Prof. A. Baldwin, airship exhibitor, was blown to atoms by the explosion of six sticks of dynamite in his balloon while 1,500 feet in the air. His wife and two children were in the crowd of 25,000 persons who saw the calamity.

Baldwin had been giving daily exhibitions at the county fair. He would ascend several thousand feet in the air and explode half a dozen sticks of dynamite at different times. Thursday he had mounted 1,500 feet in the air and his airship was soaring gracefully. While the crowd was watching him there appeared in the sky where the airship had been a great cloud of smoke. A few seconds later there came down a great report from the clouds, the smoke obscured the view and fragments of the airship began falling. Baldwin had literally been blown to bits by the explosion. His body was picked up over a space of several acres and removed to a morgue.

Baldwin's wife screamed when she saw the smoke, long before the explosion, for her practised eye told her of the tragedy which had occurred in the clouds. She fell in a dead faint before the vast crowd had realized what was happening. No one can tell how the accident occurred. The six sticks of dynamite exploded simultaneously, as only one report was heard. Men's faces blanched and women fainted as the fragments of the ship and the aeronaut's body fell.

Baldwin was from Losantville, Ind., and was 36 years of age. He had been engaged for a long while in giving balloon and airship exhibitions at county fairs.

PHOTOGRAPHED FORTS.

How a Boston Physician Got Into Trouble in Jamaica.

Kingston, Jamaica (By Cable).—Dr. Franklin Clarke, of Boston, was tried here before the Chief Justice, for a breach of the official secrets act, in taking photographs of the fortifications of the Port Royal.

The crown prosecutor argued that foreign powers would pay largely for such photographs, but the evidence against the accused was conflicting and the lawyers for the defense urged that there had been no criminal intent. Dr. Clarke being animated simply by photographic enthusiasm.

The Chief Justice summed up in favor of the prisoner and the jury failed to agree and was discharged.

Price of Pine Raised.

Beaumont, Texas, (Special).—The Southern Lumber Manufacturers' Association has announced a general advance of \$1 a thousand feet on pine. Statistical information shows a decrease in stocks during July of 20,000,000 feet and an involuntary curtailment in the same month of 80,000,000 feet among 149 mills. Demand is so brisk that most of the mills throughout the territory are working double shifts.

Eloped at 90.

Austin, Tex. (Special).—Kiler Botts, 96 years of age, came here from his home, near Gonzales, Tex., for the purpose of marrying Mrs. Elizabeth Mobley, 74 years of age. He found that members of Mrs. Mobley's family were opposed to the marriage, and the old but spry couple arranged to defeat all opposition by an elopement. They slipped off and went to Lockhart, where they were married.

Bubonic Plague Feared.

San Jose, Costa Rica (By Cable).—The government is taking strong measures to prevent possible contagion from bubonic plague, and is urging upon the medical authorities the desirability of circulating the best advice among the people. The American steamer Washington, and the Italian steamer La Veloc, both of which touched at Colon, were not allowed to enter Port Limon.

Carried Far on Engine Pilot.

Sedalia, Mo. (Special).—Warren Price was found unconscious and severely injured beside the Missouri Pacific railroad tracks near Tipton, having been picked up and carried 27 miles unconscious on the pilot of a locomotive. Price said he had been struck by an east bound train in the outskirts of Sedalia and hurled on the pilot, and knew nothing more until found and revived near Tipton. He may die.

Boat Broke in Two.

Duluth, Minn., (Special).—Five men are reported lost in Lake Superior as a result of the breaking in two of the steamer Savonia, from Allouez to Erie. Six members of the crew are still on the stranded wreck. Eleven passengers, including four women, have reached shore after long exposure.

Massacre of Armenians.

Tiflis, (By Cable).—The town of Shusha is besieged by Tartars, who are well armed and are massacring the Armenians. Telegraphic communication with Shusha is cut.

FINANCIAL.

The special weakness in Copper makes some persons think Rogers is working with Lawson. E. W. Clark & Co. are largely interested in the purchase of all the street railways of Portland, Me. The average price of railroad shares has fallen about 4 per cent. from the top level of last week.

No one doubts that Morgan still favors higher prices. There is some doubt about what the Standard Oil people favor.

One firm of brokers having an important Philadelphia house at 1000 Chestnut St. is reported to have sold 100,000 shares of the company's stock at 100 cents.

TREATY NOW COMPLETE

The Evacuation of Manchuria Causes Discussion.

JAPANESE TAKING NO CHANCES.

They Insist That All the Russian Forces Along the Line of the Eastern Chinese Railroad That Remains in Russia's Possession Shall Be Required to Leave Manchuria at the Earliest Practical Time.

Portsmouth, N. H. (Special).—After two long sessions, the second lasting until late at night, the treaty of peace between Russia and Japan was completed in rough form. The work of engrossing on parchment will be entrusted to expert penmen from the Department of State in Washington.

The air had been full of rumors all day of differences between the envoys over the articles relating to the division of Sakhalin Island and the evacuation of Manchuria. But those who are intimately concerned in the conferences insisted that there was no danger that the negotiations would fail.

While the completed treaty will be cabled to St. Petersburg and Tokio, the reports of both nations indicate that there is no occasion to wait until formal approval comes from the Czar and the Mikado before the plenipotentiaries may affix their signatures.

The Japanese admit that they have not had the Mikado's approval of the agreement reached on last Tuesday, but insist that this is not necessary to permit Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira becoming signatories of the convention. Mr. Takahira, for Japan, and Mr. Martens and Mr. Plancon, for Russia, declared that there was no danger of any hitch.

The points of difference regarding Sakhalin Island were harmonized. The Russian envoys having agreed that the northern part of the island, which Russia will retain, should not be fortified, this having been insisted upon by the Japanese who were required by the terms of the agreement to erect no guns on the southern part of the island, the only remaining feature of the Sakhalin article relating to the rights of Russian property holders and residents in the portion of the island which will become Japan's, were quickly adjusted. The provision forbidding the Japanese to erect fortifications overlooking La Perouse Straits is very explicit and will make it impossible for Sakhalin to be used as a war base for a Japanese fleet or for the matter of that, for a Russian fleet.

Under the agreement reached the troops of both belligerents are to retire from their present position in Manchuria immediately upon the proclamation of the peace treaty, the Russian to Harbin and the Japanese to Mukden. Subsequently the complete withdrawal from Chinese territory of the troops of both armies will be carried out in accordance with provisions set forth in the treaty.

Upon the insistence of Japan, all Russian forces along the line of that part of the Eastern Chinese Railroad which will remain in Russia's possession will be required to leave Manchuria at the earliest practicable moment. The treaty as agreed upon will provide the exact number of railway guards which both Russia and Japan may retain for the purpose of protecting their rolling stock and trackage in Manchuria.

Ready To Sign the Treaty.

Portsmouth, N. H., (Special).—The closing act of the peace conference promises to be a very tame affair. There will be no spectacular features.

Final arrangements have been made for the signing of the "Treaty of Portsmouth" at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon in the conference-room of the Naval Stores Building.

Besides the plenipotentiaries only Assistant Secretary Price, representing the President; Governor McLane, the Mayor of Portsmouth; Admiral Mead and Commander Winslow will be present. The ceremony will be brief.

A YOUNG FIEND'S CRIME.

Saturates a Companion With Gasoline and Sets Him On Fire.

Hannibal, Mo. (Special).—Charles Christian, 11 years old, son of Lee Christian, was roasted alive in Union street here by another boy named McLain, who dashed a can of gasoline over the clothes of young Christian and then applied a lighted match.

Christian was playing in the street with several other boys when McLain walked up swinging a gasoline can. After twice threatening to roast the Christian boy alive, he finally made his word good. He unscrewed the cap of the can, rushed upon Christian and drenched him from head to foot with gasoline. Before the unfortunate lad could get away he touched a lighted match to his trousers, which were soaked with gasoline. Instantly the boy was enveloped in flames. He fell to the ground screaming in agony and fighting the fire. Many persons ran to the rescue, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Every stitch of clothing was burned from young Christian's back. The boy will die.

Find Seven-Foot Skeletons.

Fond du Lac, Wis., (Special).—Two skeletons each measuring more than seven feet in length were found in a gravel pit in Forest, near this place. The skulls are twice as large as those of an ordinary adult and the thigh bones are almost six inches longer than those of a six-foot man. It is probable the skeletons, which are thought to be the remains of some prehistoric race, will be sent to Milwaukee for examination.

Convicted of Extortion.

Pittsburg, Pa., (Special).—Ex-Capt. James Wilson, of the Allegheny police department, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and to serve a term of months in the county workhouse for extorting \$100 from a merchant in the city.

THE LATEST NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD.

DOMESTIC.

D. R. Wilson was caught in Chicago after a long chase through Europe, Mexico and the United States. He is wanted in Shenandoah, Ia., to answer a charge of forgery.

Prof. William A. Setchell, of the botany department of the University of California, has discovered the possibility of controlling regeneration in plant life. Clara Stern was reported to have leaped overboard from the steamer Hellig Olav, which arrived at New York from Copenhagen.

The German government has refused to grant an exequatur to J. Martini Miller, of New Jersey, recently appointed consul to Aix-la-Chapelle.

Three trainmen were injured in a freight wreck at Pennington, N. J., on the New York Division of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway.

J. F. Caldwell, a wealthy stockman, was murdered in his bed at his home, near Mentor, Kan., 10 miles from Salina. Thirty panic-stricken passengers leaped overboard from a gasoline launch near Delwitt, Mich., and four were drowned.

While fighting to secure possession of his child Thomas Harris shot and killed Albert Brandt, his brother-in-law.

The committee appointed by the recent constitutional convention of the Five Civilized Tribes to draft a constitution for the proposed new state completed its work.

D. A. Attilo, who tried desperately to make a dash on Miss Helen George in Brooklyn, was beaten by the crowd and fined by the magistrate.

Mrs. Pauline Bowman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was shot in the face and disfigured by a man who with her husband, mistook her for a burglar.

The city health department of Atlanta, Ga., announced one case of yellow fever in Atlanta.

The second section of the Bar Harbor express crashed into the first section, a number of passengers being scalded by escaping steam.

Thelma Farthing, cashier of the State Bank at Haultstadt, Ind., is missing and her accounts are, apparently, \$7,000 short.

Tentative arrangements have been made for the President's return to Washington from Oyster Bay.

Oliver O. Jones, a bank cashier, under indictment for embezzlement, broke jail at Rushville, Ind.

Thousands of dollars damage was done tobacco crops near Janesville, Wis., by hail and wind.

Struck by lightning, the Union Elevator Company's elevator at Joilet, Ill., burned down.

Miss Maria D'Amaze, a mysterious recluse, was found dead in her apartments in St. Louis.

Two American soldiers in the Philippines died from cholera.

Fire destroyed the plant of the Jackson (Tenn.) Woolen Mills and Pants Factory, entailing a loss of \$100,000, partially covered by insurance.

The Carnegie Foundation has offered five prizes for the best plans for the building for the permanent peace court at The Hague.

The fifty-sixth convocation of the University of Chicago was held in Chicago, Hamlin Garland delivering the address.

WASHINGTON.

Public Printer Palmer has requested the resignation of Foreman Oscar J. Ricketts and L. C. Hay. Both have declined to comply with the request.

Secretary Bonaparte issued an order convening a court-martial to hear charges against Captain Young and Ensign Wade, of the Bennington.

Joseph P. Killbrew, of Tennessee, has been appointed by Secretary Wilson as tobacco expert of the Agricultural Department.

Charles A. Moore, a postoffice clerk, confessed appropriating railroad tickets from letters in the Dead-Letter office.

The War Department received the report of Brigadier General Wint, commanding the Northern Division.

The Board of Consulting Engineers of the Panama Canal discussed various details of organization.

The Board of Engineer Experts called to advise the Panama Canal Commission upon the relative feasibility of the sea level or lock canal, began its deliberations in Washington.

A naval court of inquiry was appointed to examine into the conduct of the general storekeeper's office at Boston Navy Yard.

Jesse E. Wilson, of Indiana, the new assistant secretary of the interior, assumed the duties of his office.

Henry J. Bright, one of the four surviving members of the jury that tried Guiteau, is seriously ill.

There were 1,025,499 immigrants arrived in the United States during the year ended June 30 last.

Mr. D. W. Baker was installed as district attorney and entered upon his duties.

Secretary Taft and his party sailed from Manila for Japan.

Dr. Salmon, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, has been exonerated by a report of Solicitor McCabe, of the Department of Agriculture.

Government circulars are to be posted in the postoffices throughout the country.

FOREIGN.

Robert Bacon, of New York, has been appointed assistant secretary of state to succeed Francis B. Loomis.

After trying to kill his wife, George C. Miller, a retired broker of Chicago, fatally wounded himself.

While out hunting near Livingston, Mont., Dr. Coventry accidentally shot and killed his wife.

Prof. L. E. Baldwin, of Yale University, presented a request to the International Prison Congress, at Budapest, on the work of convicts in the open air.

MANY VICTIMS

Exploded Among Holiday Parleons.

CONE WAS COVERED WITH CEMENT.